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GENUINE
MEMOIRS
OF

Mr. *Charles Churchill*.

With an Account of, and Observations
on, his WRITINGS :

TOGETHER WITH

Some ORIGINAL LETTERS that passed
between him and the Author.

———“ Nothing extenuate,
“ Nor fet down aught in malice.

* * * * *

“ He was a man, take him for all in all,
“ I ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

SHAKESPEAR.

D U B L I N :

 Printed by HENRY SAUNDERS in Castle-street, near
the Castle Gate 1762






To the Right Honourable the

EARL TEMPLE.

MY LORD!

O dedicate a treatise on tactics to a bishop, or a discourse on religion to a general, would be a great impropriety; but I can by no means think it one, to inscribe the Memoirs of Mr. Churchill to the Earl Temple.

Indeed, my lord, I know not to whom I could, with greater propriety, address the following sheets, than to your lordship. Your lordship, or I greatly mistake, had a great respect for Mr. Churchill; admired his abilities, and loved his integrity.

I shall not pretend, in this Dedication, to draw the character of Lord Temple, however prevalent the practice is with dedicators with respect to their patrons. I shall not entreat Lord Temple to patronise my work: it must patronise itself. If it be well written, it will be well received; if a mere unsuccessful effort to draw a just portrait of my friend, even my Lord Temple's patronage, great as it is, will be insufficient to screen it from its deserved censure.

Yet, my Lord, though I decline the arduous, pleasing work, of drawing your lordship's character; give me leave to admire that unshaken spirit of independence, that glorious greatness of soul, which shines through every action of your lordship's life, adds a lustre to your high rank, and ennobles your virtues! Not to mention one's sensibility of it, would be criminal; not to own it, would be ingratitude.

Etc.

England owes much to your lordship. The cause, the great and glorious cause of liberty, has, in your lordship, found a powerful patron, and an able advocate.

It is a fortunate circumstance, when a statesman has a strength of genius, and a high reach of thought; but it is still more so, when that reach of thought, and strength of genius, is accompanied with invincible integrity, and a Temple's virtues.

Patriotism, like wit, is much talked of; claimed by many, possessed by few. To form a patriot, great abilities alone will not succeed. There must be also a true *amor patriæ*; a generous disregard of private interest, if set in competition with the public good; and a Temple's, and a Pitt's unconquered freedom of soul, incorruptible probity of mind.

Your lordship's known zeal for the honour of religion must not pass unnoticed. The weakening of moral obligations is of the utmost danger to a state. While religion maintains its influence, the interests of society are upheld: when that great cement of society is weakened, anarchy and confusion soon succeed.

A friend to religion is a friend to his country. It is a singular happiness that, in these degenerate days, when infidelity passes for judgment, and obscenity for wit, genuine and true piety, the fair child of religion, points out a Temple, as her advocate, and as her friend.

As a lover of liberty, in the real sense of the word, your lordship stands eminently distinguished.——

The enormous faith of many made for one has been long and justly exploded; yet, notwithstanding the glaring absurdity of such a soul-enslaving tenet, fools and knaves have not been wanting, in these times, to preach up this doctrine, and recommend this absurdity; the greatest affront sure that ever was offered to the common sense of mankind!

A constitutional defender of the laws has always appeared in the person of the Earl Temple. The prerogatives of the sovereign, and the freedom of the subjects, are not so incompatible as some dreamers imagine. The greatest strength a prince can possess,

D E D I C A T I O N.

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the most home-felt blessing he can possibly know, is the love of his people. This doctrine the Earl Temple has ever been ready to inculcate; has always been strenuous to defend.

Of all the virtues that do honour to mankind, I know of none more amiable, or more beneficial, than a generous disinterested friendship, built on the firm basis of honour and judgment. None but the good can possess this virtue. A titled wretch, or wealthy miscreant, is a stranger to those delicate sensations that spring from so pure a source. That my Lord Temple may be pointed out as an eminent example of generous and disinterested friendship, every one knows, and every one confesses.

Example is always more powerful than precept. To look up, therefore, to my Lord Temple, as a statesman, patriot, and a friend, will have a greater effect than the description of many statesmen, patriots, and friends, in the writings of the learned world.

But whilst your lordship stands so eminently conspicuous for your abilities and integrity in public life, your amiable deportment in private life must not be forgot. Easy of access, your lordship is enabled to form a true estimate of things. Cheerful, free, and affable, your lordship gives pleasure wherever you come; and when you retire from social converse with your friends, they meet a loss not easily to be repaired but by your lordship.

My Lord! I address not the statesman; I address not the nobleman; I address not the man of fortune. I address the man.

If, as Mr. Pope says, an honest man is the noblest work of the Almighty; your lordship has abundant reason to bless the Father of all good gifts, for his enduing you with such amiable qualities, as render you the delight of mankind, and an ornament to your country. Your gardens at Stow, and the sculptures of your temple, shall perish, when your virtues shall be read and admired by future ages, in the productions of the historian, or the efforts of the muse.

Yet, my Lord, (I speak it with English sincerity, and English liberty!) you are a man; and, as such, have faults: but, I believe, it would puzzle the most discerning to point them out. Indeed, it is no small proof of your lordship's wisdom, that, while every one admires your virtues, you have so effectually concealed your foibles, which, surely, as a man, you must have, that we cannot so much as guess at them; for eagle-eyed scandal itself has never thrown the least innuendo, or smallest insinuation, against your character.

For me, my Lord, I am thrown at too great a distance from your lordship, to pretend to draw your portrait with a masterly hand. But, however deficient I may be in point of drapery, the resemblance is striking; for I appeal to your lordship's enemies, if enemies you have, whether I have drawn one feature your lordship does not possess, or attributed one excellence your lordship is not endued with!

My Lord, I seek no applause, and claim no honour, from the following sheets. My intention has been, to give a faithful history, as nearly as I could, of our late patriot bard: to rescue his character from the censures of the malevolent; and, still more cruel fate! from the indiscriminate and indiscreet applauses of his friends.

That your lordship may long remain with us, as the firm friend of liberty, and your country; and when called from this terrestrial sphere, that you may enjoy a conspicuous place in the mansions of eternal bliss, is the sincere wish, and fervent prayer, of,

M Y L O R D,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and very humble servant,

London,
Jan. 10, 1765.

THE AUTHOR.



GENUINE
MEMOIRS
OF

Mr. Charles Churchill.



CHAPTER I.

A Sketch of Mr. Churchill's character.

THOSE sons of genius and judgment who have made themselves remarkable, by the exertion of their abilities, when departed from this sublunary world, seem to claim the remembrance of their survivors as a debt; and gratitude suggests to us, it would be inhuman, as well as impolitic, to consign their memories to oblivion, at the same time that we commit their clay to the grave.

Anecdotes concerning the good and great throw a light on many passages in their writings, which without them would be obscure. Nay, we cannot taste works of a fine genius so thoroughly, as when acquainted with his life's history. If we are informed of his family, his education, connections, and conduct in private life, we have a kind of comment on his writings by us, which elucidates his sentiments, and explains ambiguities.

On these accounts, mankind peruse with a peculiar pleasure, any little informations, concerning the lives and manners of those, who have soared above the common herd of mortals, by the display of any extraordinary acquisitions they have been possessed of.

While some consider the character of a philosopher or a bard, in some measure, approaching to that of a demi-god; others look on it in the most contemptible light imaginable. The former are chiefly composed of low, illiterate people, or pretended scholars; the latter, of substantial or ignorant tradesmen, whose whole abilities consist in a plodding, dull, household understanding, capable of the common rules of arithmetic, and calculated from the meridian of a grocer's, or an oilman's shop.

To both these mistaken kind of beings, the following work will afford little entertainment. Mr. Churchill in his private conduct, was not unlike any other gentleman; and, therefore, those who expect marvellous adventures, and uncommon scenes, to be here related, or the dirty and pitiful tricks of a poor wit to gain a precarious livelihood, will be equally disappointed.

Mr. Churchill was a man—a compounded being of flesh and spirit—neither a deity, nor a devil; as his friends and foes seem to insinuate. He had many virtues; and some vices. Many excellent faculties, and extraordinary accomplishments; and some defects. Some singularities; but an amazing number of winning methods, the fair fruits, the pure offspring of a good heart, of conciliating the esteem of all his friends and acquaintances.

Distress never sued to him in vain. A philanthropy that knew no bounds, taught him to sympathize at others woes, and melt at others sorrows. His purse was ever open to the poor and indigent; his advice ever ready to the ignorant and dubious.

Pride and revenge were strangers to him. His good-sense preserved him from the first; and a thorough conviction of the truth and excellency of the
christian

christian religion, and a fortitude of soul which no dangers could daunt; secured him from the last.

If injured by an inveterate foe, his resentment was ever proportioned to the offence; but if time, with stealing pace, crept on, it erased all remembrance of it from his memory; and the least concession made by the offender, made Churchill his firm friend.

Brave and open-hearted, no malice could ever lurk in his soul; of exquisite sensations, the smallest injury was felt; but felt, to be either pardoned, or despised; except when prudential caution made it necessary to resent it: then due chastisement was inflicted, and the offender himself forced, on the return of reason, to own the justice of the hand that smote him.

A tiny witling,—the most contemptible of all contemptible writers—the putter-together of dull essays for a dull news-paper—on his publication of his *Rosciad*, thought proper to asperse his character, and depreciate his work.—Churchill was shewn the paper, and told the name of its author. “You ought to resent this unprovoked attack, and this false piece of criticism,” cries the friend.—“Not at all,” answers the bard; “that is the very reason it is beneath my notice: I look on this wretch, as the generous horse surveys the yelping cur at his heels, with cold disdain, and silent contempt.”

Another time, *those veterans that know an author by his stile*, * undertook to prove he was a fellow of no mark, or livelihood, as Shakespear expresses it, and that his works were unworthy the public notice. Churchill being shewn the elaborate production of these directors of the public taste, and requested to answer it, observed, “that if flies buzz about one, it were ridiculous to regard them; but if they attempted to sting, it were fit they should be crushed.”

Superior to corruption, repeated offers, that would have staggered the patriotism, and sapped the very foundations, of man's integrity, were rejected with disdain. He scorned to prostitute his pen for a place

or

or pension; and had rather eat a beef-steak, and drink a tankard of porter, with an honest artizan, than feast on ortolans or venison, and drink claret and burgundy, with an ignoble nobleman. When his fame was at the highest, and he was dressed like an ambassador, he would shake hands with, and assist, a friend in distress with a thread-bare coat; and despise, from his very soul, the star and gartered villain flaunting in embroidery.

He was so thoroughly attached to the interest of Old-England, that he could not, without the utmost indignation, see her constitution broke by rank empirics, her very vitals decayed, and her whole frame brought to such a consumptive, hectic state, as threatened a speedy dissolution.

What could be done by a private man, to prevent so calamitous, so fatal a catastrophe, was done by him. His pen was employed in the cause of honour, in the cause of freedom, in the cause of Britain. His muse, of true celestial descent, engaged in the generous cause. She exhorted Britons to act for the interest of Britain; to spurn the venal fee; to disdain the galling chain, though cased with gold; to deliver down the generous plan of power our ancestors had transmitted to us, at the expence of their blood and treasure, inviolate to posterity; and to take all constitutional methods to prevent iniquitous, ruinous, and destructive, *Scottified* measures from taking place.

For this he was blamed by the fool, and aspersed by the knave; traduced by sycophants, and whispered against by cowards: but, so that his country could be in the least benefited by his patriotic endeavours, he regarded his foes like so many serpents, who would hiss at the traveller, but skulk away at the instant he was preparing to chastize them.

His sincerity was ever conspicuous, unquestioned, and exemplary. Averse to flattery, he disdained receiving it himself, or to bestow it on others. He justly considered, the use of speech is to deliver our sentiments; and he thought, that the man who is mean enough

enough to speak what he does not think, must be both a coward and a slave.

In consequence of this opinion, he was as free, as chearful, and as easy, in the society of a lord as a tradesman; and was equally communicative of his sentiments to the learned, as to the illiterate. For, as he was wholly exempt from self-conceit, and abhorred adulation; so was he conscious of speaking the dictates of his heart; and justly considered, that every individual that composes a company, has an undoubted right of delivering his sentiments freely to that company; and, though he might sometimes be unsuccessful in his endeavours to instruct, he was never so in his attempt to please and entertain.

A pitiful ambition of displaying superior knowledge in particular arts and sciences, that have been canvassed in company, is very common, and is very ridiculous. This fault Churchill was never guilty of; and, though his erudition and knowledge were superior to most people's, and might have justified him in enforcing his sentiments with a proper warmth, and to take up a longer time than persons of inferior abilities could arrogate, he ever delivered his opinion in a decent manner, and was as patient an auditor, as he was a skilful orator.

Chearfulness is one of the most amiable accomplishments in a companion; and, if we may believe Mr. Addison, one of the peculiar characteristics of a good christian. This accomplishment, Churchill possessed in a very eminent degree; for, being of a brave and intrepid disposition, an honest man, and a good christian, disappointments lost their force, and could not rob him of his wonted vigour and serenity of mind.

There is a wide difference between intemperate, mirth and a chearful temper: The former our bard ever avoided; the latter he always possessed. A despondency of mind seldom, indeed, attends a well-cultivated judgment and a noble soul; and, perhaps,

no person was ever more free from it than Mr. Churchill.

He was also a firm friend, and never made any professions of esteem he did not really bear a person. Far from considering such professions as mere words of course, he religiously observed the promises he made; and punctually adhered to the friendships and connections he formed with various persons.

But a perfect character, as a great wit has observed, is a faultless monster, a creature of the brain only, that never existed in human nature. Churchill is an eminent proof of the justness of this observation. He had his faults; but they were such as were nearly allied to, and grew out of his excess of virtues. As every virtue is nearly connected with some vice, so every vice borders on, and is not far remote from, its opposite virtue. Churchill's excess of generosity, and contempt of sordid lucre, led him to the opposite extreme, and bordered on extravagance. His regard for his friends induced him to disregard the narrow limits of regularity and temperance, to indulge too frequently in riot and keeping ill hours: and his violent and true love for his country, and hatred of villainy, however dignified or distinguished, hurried him to some excesses, and carried him to some lengths in his writings, that are not, perhaps, strictly justifiable by the laws of his country, or consistent with the rules of decorum or good-breeding.

To sum up his character, therefore, concisely and candidly, we deliver it as our opinion, that his virtues, compared with his faults, are as mountains compared with mole-hills. As a man of genius and a poet, he stands one of the first in rank; as a patriot, his integrity remains unimpeached; as a valuable member of society, he is deservedly esteemed; and, as a firm friend, and a cheerful companion, the tears that are shed over his urn are ample proofs. Posterity, therefore, shall revere and embalm our poet's memory, when the malignant censures of envious snarlers, who
now

now attempt to pluck the well-earned wreath of merit from his laurelled brows, and defame his character with all the rage of petulant malice, shall be forgotten; and when themselves shall be turned to clay, and no traces of their having existed remain.

C H A P. II.

*Concise account of our design in the following work
——Our hero's birth, education, &c. and some
account of his family——Remarkable instance of
his courage and generosity in his juvenile years—The
portrait of an illiterate, insensible, school-master
drawn—An instance of heroism and friendship be-
tween two quondam foes—A cruel unfeeling pedagogue
justly punished.*

AS it is our intention to keep as close as possible to our subject, we shall avoid saying any thing of any person, that is not materially interested in our history: digressions being usually very tedious, and often trifling; and anecdotes of persons we have nothing to do with, at once insignificant and improper; tending only to swell a work, for the printer's and bookseller's benefit, and for the reader's drowsiness and fatigue.

Besides, as we write the life but of one person, we have no right to give the histories of several; or we fulfil not properly our engagement in the title-page, and withal take an unwarrantable liberty, we apprehend, we have no claim to.

What, therefore, the reader has to expect in this performance, is The Life of Mr. Churchill only; and an account of, and observations on, the writings he has published; and it is not doubted, but, if we perform this work properly, it will be thought we shall have matter sufficient, without interspersing it with particulars of people, and remarks on books, foreign to our purpose.

Thus much by way of proemium ; proceed we now to our history.

Mr. Charles Churchill was born near Westminster-Abbey, in the house where Mrs. Churchill, our poet's mother, now lives. His father was the reverend Mr. Charles Churchill, curate and lecturer of St. John's, in Westminster ; a man deservedly esteemed for the integrity of his heart, and the qualifications he was endued with.

Mr. Churchill had but little fortune of his own, and but few expectations from his relations, though descended from an antient and honourable family.

At the accustomed age, Mr. Charles Churchill, our poet, was sent to a reading-school, where he behaved in much the same manner as other children of his years generally do ; displaying no characteristical marks of genius superior to his fellows, or acting different in any respect from them.

At the age of six, however, when some little dawnings of reason begin to appear, and the natural disposition of a boy reveals itself, the temper of young Churchill might be seen. It was plainly apparent that his sensibility was very quick ; his fortitude of mind very great ; his generosity conspicuous ; and his candour quite amiable.

A striking instance of the truth of this assertion I beg leave to relate, from the authority of his father ; who, among other little anecdotes concerning his son, told me the following :

One of his school-fellows, an arch, unlucky boy, somewhat older than our hero, in diverting himself with throwing of stones, in conjunction with young Churchill, had the misfortune to break a pane of glass of a neighbour's window.

Alarmed at the rattling of the glass, and still more so with the fear of punishment, the young rogue fled from the scene of action with all the precipitation his heels could furnish, and his companion followed him.

An enquiry was, however, soon made into the affair; and the offender threatened with severe chastisement unless he confessed the truth. Churchill's companion stiffly denied his being the aggressor, and charged it on him. He was, accordingly, called to an account; informed that his play-fellow had positively declared he had broken the pane of glass, and required to make an ample confession.

Our young hero was so surprized at his friend's baseness and falsehood, that, instead of vindicating his innocence, and recriminating on his accuser, he burst into tears. The tears were construed by his school-master as a sign of guilt, and he was severely whipped. After which, notice was sent to Mr. Churchill, who immediately paid for the damage sustained by the breaking of the pane.

This transaction happened in the school-yard, and our hero's companion hugged himself at the success of his ingenuity, in escaping the punishment he feared, and gloried in the betraying of his friend.

After the school-hours were over, as the children were returning to their respective homes, young Churchill, in a firm voice, charged his companion with being a liar, to assert so manifest a falsity as to accuse him of breaking the glass; and a coward, for not daring to brave the punishment due for his crime; and withal told him, that, since he had acted so unworthily, he would beat him, and never associate with him afterwards.

The other, confiding in his superior strength, being a sturdy boy, and at least a year older than our hero, disregarded his threats, and offered to fight him. The proposal Churchill accepted with joy, and they both stripped. In three minutes, our hero had entirely vanquished his antagonist, had made his nose bleed, given him two black eyes, and throwing him against a flint-stone, he was so much stunned that he lay quite senseless.

Our hero having now taken satisfaction for the treachery shewn him, his honour being satisfied, clemency succeeded. He raised up his friend, who soon coming to himself, and declaring he would fight no more, Churchill told him, he now forgave him: "But, notwithstanding that," continued he, "I will never be intimate with such a false friend again, unless you ask my pardon, and confess the truth, that you broke the window."

The little fellow did both. Our hero was applauded by every one for his courage and generosity; his friend receiving so effectual a check for his perfidiousness, in such early years, altered his conduct; and Churchill and he were good friends ever after.

Another time, fearing that his antagonist would receive punishment for some fault he had committed, he advised him to hide the school-master's birchen rod. He accordingly did so: the rod was missed; and, to effect a discovery of the offender, all the boys were examined; and all denied their knowing any thing of the matter. The school-master vowed, that they should all be whipped, one after another, till the offender confessed his guilt; and instantly ordered, that our young hero's late antagonist should be the first. Churchill, seeing him already horsed, and ready to receive the lashes, told the master, if he would not whip Billy N—, he would inform him which boy had hid the rod. The master promised he would not; Billy was set down; and, in a stern voice, the master asked our hero, who the offender was; and, at the same time threatened he would severely chastise him; or, in his own words, whip him within an inch of his life.

All the boys now stood aghast, and dreaded the menaced punishment. Even conscious innocence could not secure them from fear; and their little limbs seemed robbed of their wonted functions, and trembled; while the pallid hue that overspread their several faces, declared that each was fearful lest himself should be charged with the offence.

Our hero only was unmoved. Surveying his master with an attentive, but respectful look ; “ Sir,” said he, with a firm voice, “ I only am guilty : I only deserve to suffer.—All my school-fellows are entirely innocent, and, therefore, undeserving your resentment. On me inflict your scourge : I deserve it ; and am prepared to suffer.”

The unrelenting, the unfeeling brute, insensible to the courage and candour of the youthful hero, ordered him to be horsed, pulled down his breeches, and the uplifted rod threatened his poor posteriors, when a voice cried out, “ Churchill is not guilty, but I am !”

This was fresh matter of surprize to the astonished pedagogue. He had no sort of conception that any body should voluntarily offer to suffer for his friend, and determined on whipping both, to discover the real truth.

He now examined both the parties between whom this generous contest subsisted ; and neither could be induced, from the fear of any punishment, to retract from their resolution of suffering for each other.—In short, the illiterate wretch, unable to feel the beauty and heroism of their conduct, whipped both in the severest manner.

The consequence was, old Mr. Churchill, hearing of the affair, examined into the true state of it, and learned the real truth. He admired his son for his good-nature in concealing the fault of his friend, and for his intrepidity in bearing the punishment due to him alone ; and he esteemed young Billy N——, his son’s late antagonist, in persisting to own that he only hid the rod. A week after both of them were taken from that school, and sent to another, where a more skilful schoolmaster, and worthier man presided, and the example of the parents of these young friends was followed by many others soon after.

C H A P. III.

Our hero is taken from the reading-school, and sent to that of Westminster—Makes at first but a very slow progress—An anecdote greatly to his honour, and declarative of his disposition, and turn of mind—He alters his conduct, and applies to his learning with the greatest assiduity—Some remarks on the absurdity generally practised by schoolmasters in their tuition of youth—Their excuse in their favour answered—Churchill and his father set out for Oxford; that the former might be placed there—He is examined, and rejected—They return to London.

IT was not many years after this transaction, that young Churchill was sent to Westminster school, to be educated in the higher branches of learning.

For the first two or three years he continued here, he did not display any extraordinary capacity, or shew any marks of that genius he afterwards exhibited. Nay, he was not unfrequently incapable of making his exercise; and remanded back to render it more perfect.

His capacity, however, was infinitely superior to his assiduity. He was idle, fond of play, averse to study, and testified the utmost reluctance in conforming to the trammels of a school education.

This evidently appears from his being able to go through all his exercises, whenever he thought proper to apply to them, with half the attention that the generality of boys do: and the following true anecdote of him is a farther proof of the truth of this assertion.

Having through idleness, or inattention, neglected one day to make his exercise, his master thought proper to chastise him very severely, and at the same time reproached him for his stupidity; telling him he was *the most idle and ignorant boy in the school*; that did *he still persist in his neglecting to furnish his mind with*
classic

classic learning, he would never be able to make a figure in life, but he looked upon as a dull and illiterate blockhead : a character, he said, the most odious that could be imagined, and which would subject him to the contempt of the wise and learned, and render him fit company only for people like himself.

The remonstrance had its due effect. Churchill ruminated in his mind on what his master had said, and he found he had spoke the truth. He determined, therefore, he should no longer have cause to complain of him ; for he would be as assiduous and industrious, as he had before been indolent and lazy.

From this time his improvement in literature was rapid, was astonishing. He learned with ease what cost others the greatest pains ; and he apprehended, as by intuition, the true meaning of some passages that occurred to him, which his companions had not the least idea of.

Thus we see, that what the fear of stripes could not effect, the fear of shame soon produced ; and from hence forwards he brought his exercises finished in such a manner, that he received the publick thanks of all his masters ; and was pointed out as an example that the other boys ought to copy.

These encomiums were not given in vain. They filled our hero with the most agreeable sensations, and excited in him greater desires of approaching still nearer to perfection.

Suffer me here to make a remark : a remark growing out of, and connected with, my subject, and, as such, not to be looked on as a digression.

Our hero's master acted extremely judicious in his conduct. He well knew Churchill dreaded not chastisement ; he knew he dreaded shame. However, that his admonition might have greater effect, it was preceded by some stripes ; and then, in the presence of all the scholars, he pointed him out as the most indolent, stupid boy in the whole school.

It is not a little strange, that we so seldom see the conduct of this master imitated. Our schoolmasters, in general, consult not the different dispositions of different lads; they consult not the wide difference there is, in point of genius, between one boy and another: they take the same methods of instruction with, they teach the same branches of learning to, all.

Is not such a conduct manifestly wrong? is it not incongruous to common reason, and irreconcilable to the common nature of things? do people of any professions, men of any trades, act so absurdly, in this respect, as schoolmasters; who should, one would imagine, be possessed of good-sense and discernment, somewhat superior to the bulk of mankind?

Does an ignorant farmer act so ignorantly as a learned schoolmaster? does he sow his seeds on lands not fit for them? or, does he not rather consult the difference of soils, and sow his seeds on those lands that are most peculiarly adapted to each?

So ought a schoolmaster to do: the farmer's conduct ought he to copy. It is with the human mind as it is with land. Some minds require little cultivation to what others do: they spontaneously bring forth much good fruit: while others produce little but weeds and tares.—Yet are these last to be neglected because they want instruction most? no, they are rather to be mended by a different kind of manure than what the others require. With different soils different methods are taken to purge and cultivate them; and so must it be with the human mind.

I know but of one reason that can be assigned for the absurdity of our schoolmasters I have above pointed out. Indeed, it is a forcible one in their favour; but it is no extenuation of the absurdity of *parents conduct*. The reason I mean is, that so poor a *pittance is given for the education of youth, that it lays the master under a necessity of taking more scho-*
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lars than he can possibly instruct; to do all of them justice. However, though to gain a comfortable subsistence, he is obliged to have a multitude of pupils, one quarter of which would take up his whole time to instruct properly; yet, did he but attend to the different capacities of his boys ever so little, and had penetration and learning sufficient for the arduous profession he had assumed, he might discern the various dispositions and talents of various boys; and did he discharge properly the trust reposed in him, he would, in consequence of his observations, lay his opinion before the youths parents; and if, after being informed of the turn and bent of their sons genius, they should, nevertheless, persist in having them taught branches of literature their geniuses were not turned for, and adapted to, those parents only would be in fault.

Our hero having continued at school a sufficient number of years, and being thoroughly conversant in scholastic education, his father resolved on sending him to the university of Oxford, where he himself had been educated, to finish his studies.

Hiring a post-chaise, and his son and himself getting in it, they set out for the university, and arrived there in about nine hours.

The literate or intelligent reader need not be told, that an examination is always made of the person who offers himself to be admitted, with respect to his abilities in classical learning. This examination our hero was now to go through; and, conscious of his own abilities, he dreaded it not.

His father, indeed, had for some time before, in order to render him still more assiduous at his exercises at Westminster school, sought to impress an high idea of the great talents necessary for the student to be possessed of, to be admitted into the university; and of the profound erudition the examiner himself was master of; which, indeed, he said, was sufficiently apparent from the difficult questions he proposed to the examinant.

When Churchill, after vast solemnity, and an awful preparation, designed to intimidate him, and lower his sense of his own qualifications, was led up to the examiner, whose solemn visage, rendered important by a bushy wig, bespoke credit from a superficial observer for vast wisdom; he began to think his father's description of the examiner was a just one; and prepared to answer the extremely difficult questions he imagined would be proposed to him.

But instead of these difficulties, how amazed was he, on the opening of the examiner's mouth, to find the charm dissolved! Instead of being required to answer questions of depth and solidity, he had none proposed to him but what were so superficial, so frivolous, and trifling, that a boy of the third class might with ease have answered them.

Our hero was so astonished and so irritated, at their thus treating him like an idiot, as he imagined it, that he could not but resent it. He accordingly fatigued the person whose office it was to examine him; to question his abilities, who was appointed to fathom his own; and to ask some questions, which the examiner, whether from ignorance, or disdain, I know not, did not think proper to answer.

The consequence was, that our hero was rejected; and, probably, this circumstance might have given occasion to the frequent invectives we find in his works against that most respectable university.

Upon his returning from Oxford, he again applied to his studies at Westminster-school, and made such a progress as was really surprising; which afforded great satisfaction to his father, and his friends.

C H A P. IV.

Our hero falls in love with a very agreeable young lady—He pays his addresses to, and marries her—His father speaks to him concerning his taking on him the sacred function—He is examined, and ordained by the bishop of London—Is promoted to a curacy in North-Wales, of almost thirty pounds a year—Mrs. Churchill and he set out for, and arrive at, their destined place of residence.

WHILE our hero was thus laudably employed in the cultivation of his mind, his heart was most sensibly affected at the sight of Miss ———, and he longed for an opportunity of declaring his excess of love.

He was then but seventeen; was robust, comely, and well-proportioned. Exercise had thrown crimson on his cheeks, and given a vigour to his limbs, which effeminate beaux and slaves of indolence are entire strangers to. While, falsely luxurious, the delicate and the debauched were impairing their constitutions, and enervating their minds, by dissipation and luxury, young Churchill was assiduously employed, during school-hours, to lay in a large stock of classic lore; and afterwards, in engaging in manly, robust exercises, which, while they contributed to open his chest, to brace his nerves, and enure him to brave the inclemencies of the weather, or change of seasons in this varying clime, not a little assisted in fortifying his mind; as it is well known, that the stronger and more robust a body is, the more likely is it to lodge a brave and noble soul.

Miss ———, the young lady our hero had set his affections on, was neither a complete beauty or a wit; but she was endued with some accomplishments superior to both: accomplishments that rendered her the envy of her own sex, and the admiration of ours.

She was judicious, discreet, sincere, and affable; possessed of virtue, without austerity; gaiety, without levity; wit, without ill-nature; and prudence, without conceit. Her personal accomplishments were also sufficient to attract the attention of the most indifferent, and excite the warmest desires in the coldest breast; being well-shaped, agreeable, and displaying a certain *je ne sais quoi* in her whole appearance, that invites more powerfully than haughty beauty commands.

To this lady our hero contrived to get himself introduced, and paid his addresses to her with all the warmth that youthful ardour could inspire.

The more he knew of the lady the better he loved her. If, on a slight and transient view, he found his breast was touched, a thorough acquaintance, and a more close intimacy, affected his very soul. Reason approved what passion admired. To fix one's esteem on a truly deserving object, is, at once, a proof of a good head and a good heart.

This proof our poet gave. He perfectly idolized his charmer, and every opportunity he had, of being with her alone, he sought to evince the greatness of his passion, by pouring out the dictates of his soul in the most expressive and undissembled terms love could suggest.

The artless, sincere passion our hero felt; the forcible, the winning expressions he used, in breathing out the soft sentiments of his soul, soon excited a reciprocal love in his charmer. She confessed his merit, she saw his accomplishments, and she gave him her heart.

Where a violent and a mutual flame warms two bosoms, and the parties are both agreed, it is not long before the aid of Hymen is required to tie the connubial knot. So was it soon by our hero and his charmer, and they were united in those bands which nothing but death or divorce could loose.

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They both now thought themselves supremely happy. Possessed of each other, they imagined themselves possessed of every thing that could contribute to their felicity. They were truly happy, for they thought themselves so.

In this comfortable state they continued for two years; when our poet's father, who had ever bred him up with an eye to the sacred function, examined him very strictly with respect to his inclinations; for he determined, if he found him in the least averse to enter into the ministry, that he would by no means persuade him to do it; it being, in his opinion, extremely wrong to lay any force on the natural disposition of a person; or to endeavour, by any authority, to prevail with him to labour in the vineyard of the Lord, if his reason and inclination did not of themselves approve such a profession.

On such examination he found, to his great joy, his son had no sort of objection to that course of life. Now, though he had not been educated at Oxford, or taken any degree, yet, so thoroughly convinced was he of his son's abilities, that he made no doubt of his getting him ordained, and convincing the bishop that the church would obtain no small acquisition by obtaining such a member, whose abilities, at that time, began to blaze forth with great lustre, and to promise to shine, in a few more years, with a radiance that would astonish mankind.

He was not deceived in his expectations and hopes. The late worthy prelate, Dr. Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London, examined our hero; and testified no small surprize, that so young a person, for he was not above three and twenty, should be so learned and intelligent. Not content with a superficial examination, as is the case on some occasions, the deepest and most abstruse questions were proposed to Churchill, both by the bishop himself and his chaplains; to all which such pertinent and solid answers were given, as perfectly astonished the examiners, and made the good bishop
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who was acquainted with our hero's having been rejected at Oxford, exclaim, " Good God ! what sort of an examiner must this gentleman have been before, when he was pronounced to be inefficient in scholastic education ! "

Being ordained by the bishop, he sought to gain some preferment in the church ; and resolved, that, should he be so fortunate, he would discharge the duties of his sacred function conscientiously and properly.

It is well known, that, without interest, had a man all the genius, and all the wisdom, and all the learning in the world, he would stand but little chance of rising in the church. — But is this astonishing ? No. It would be so, indeed, were it otherwise.

Did genius, wisdom, and learning, meet with that encouragement they merited, we should not see pliant knaves and artful villains at the head of affairs. We should not see preferments and offices in the disposal of worthless wretches, whose sole merit consists in being allied to some whore, having pimped for some great villain, or been ever ready to prostitute their consciences, and willing to be led as their drivers shall think proper : nor should we see real genius, and sound learning, groaning beneath countless wrongs, and holding the stirrups of those horses which base-born scoundrels and slavish sycophants bestride.

The observation is not peculiarly adapted to the church ; it holds good with the army, law, and state. In each we see men, that, were we to ask for which of their good qualities they were so nobly provided for ; we might answer, we could not tell : but, at beholding their having thus ascended the summit of Fortune's hill, we cannot help acting as we do in viewing droll, uncouth figures in pieces of amber, and wondering how the devil they came there.

Interest,

Interest, in short, like fancy, is the queen of the world. She performs every thing; and fool's and knaves are generally her's and fortune's favourites.

If, however, the post of honour be a private station, Churchill's was a truly honourable one. With abilities that would reflect an honour on the country that gave him birth, with an ardent zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of mankind, after living for some time privately with his wife, at a little house he rented in Westminster, he was *promoted*.

His genius, his learning, his piety, had been visible ever since his entering into holy-orders, and had procured him the friendship and esteem of many judicious and pious persons: but whether they were not of rank sufficient to recommend him to a living, whether they wanted inclination, or, which is more probable, whether they had poor relations enough of their own to put into rich benefices, I know not; but certain it is, that our hero was left unprovided for, and his finances were not in the most prosperous situation, till a certain clergyman, seeing his abilities and his necessity, promoted him to a——curacy in the North of Wales, that brought him in the full sum of— twenty-seven pounds a year; which is more than can be said of a full half of the livings in that part of the world.

It is no small proof of Mr. Churchill's good-sense, and good disposition, that, rather than be burthen-some to his friends, he accepted such a pitiful income, and conformed to his situation with all the resolution of a philosopher, with all the resignation of a christian.

In short, his wife and he, after taking leave of their father, mother, brothers, and friends, set out for Wales; and arrived at the place they were to reside at in good health and spirits.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Churchill is respected by all his parishioners, and followed as a very popular preacher—Causes of the popularity of some preachers pointed out—Observations on the nature of the subjects and stile necessary for a country clergyman to treat on and make use of—How our poet spent his time in Wales—He turns cider-man—His commodities are universally liked, and his cider-cellar is always full—Our poet's generosity leads him into distresses—His speech to his wife on the occasion—They resolve on returning to London—Arrive there, to the great joy of all their friends.

NO man ever discharged the duties of his station with greater chearfulness and assiduity than Mr. Churchill did; no man was ever more loved and esteemed by his parishioners than he was. They considered him in the most respectable light imaginable; paid due attention to his precepts, and honoured him for his worth and genius.

He had not lived long in Wales before he became a very popular preacher, and was followed there as much as Romaine is here.

A preacher's popularity generally arises from three causes only: Either from his inculcating some strange and paradoxical opinions; from his working on the passions of his auditors, by a vehement or persuasive oratory; or from his delivering wholesome and sound discourses, written in a perspicuous, easy, elegant stile.

Our poet's popularity arose from the last assigned cause. His sermons were full of the sublimest and most important truths, conveyed in a plain but expressive language; which, though intelligible to the peasant, was not unworthy the attention of a peer.

By sublime and important truths, I mean not *disquisitions on mere speculative points*, or pretended explanations

planations of mysteries, but truths that come home to every one's breast, that influence the moral conduct of mankind; and that, therefore, are of the utmost consequence to every person's peace of mind here, and to his eternal happiness hereafter.

Such only were the subjects Mr. Churchill expatiated on: such subjects only ought every country clergyman to treat on; or it is impossible for him to discharge the duties of his function properly, or edify his flock.

A diction is not less to be regarded than a subject. If the plainest theme be treated on in a majestic, swelling style, replete with tropes, metaphors, and allegories, a congregation may go home just as wise as they came. They may, indeed stare at the preacher, and cry him up for a profound scholar; but their admiration will be found to proceed from the same cause as that of Don Lewis's did, in the play of the Fop's Fortune; * who honoured his nephew Carlos for his high-sounding Greek, though he did not understand a single syllable of it.

Churchill differed so widely from preachers of this stamp, that he sought to convince their reason, by applying to their reason only, in a plain, easy, Addisonian style, if I may so express myself.

His good conduct, in this respect, cannot be sufficiently commended. It is no uncommon thing for a person of low ideas, little learning, and less genius, to write and talk in such a manner as is perfectly adapted to the capacities of the vulgar. But for a great poet, whose imagination teems with lofty images, and swelling figures, to accommodate himself to the conceptions of the million, is at once singular and amazing!

In consequence of our poet's demeaning himself so prudently, he was universally esteemed; and, tho' that part of Wales he lived in was none of the most agreeable, especially in the winter season, when the

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* Or rather, that of Miramont's, in the Elder Brother, from whence Cibber borrowed his plot and characters.

raw bleak winds came whistling o'er the mountain tops, piercing the reddened cheek, yet he was content with his situation, and employed himself in going through the offices of his function with pleasure; and, when leisure permitted, climbing the mountains in search of game, hunting, coursing, shooting, angling, or walking; taking a chearful glass with his friends, or perusing those books his own library, or those of the neighbouring gentry, afforded.

But, though he lived in a country where there was plenty of provisions, which of course rendered them cheap; and though he received sometimes presents from his parishioners; yet how can a man maintain himself and wife on the poor pittance of twenty-seven pounds a year, in the manner they had been used to live?—It is impossible. Churchill found it so; and, therefore, to enlarge his scanty finances, after the money he had brought with him from England was exhausted, he resolved to enter into a branch of trade, which, he hoped, would enable him to live in the same manner he had hitherto done.

The reader will not easily conjecture what trade it was our poet pitched upon; and he will not be a little surprized when told it was that of a cider-dealer. He had a large cellar belonging to his house, which he fitted up as genteelly as the place would admit of, laid in a good stock of cider; furnished himself with mugs and glasses, pipes and tobacco; and hey! Presto! my lads, behold all at once the parson and poet turned publican!

Indeed, reader, be not surprized, such metamorphoses are not uncommon in Wales. Parsons are there horse-jockeys, shop-keepers, bakers, barbers, butchers, ale-sellers, and pig-dealers.

You have read Fielding's Joseph Andrews, I suppose; if you have not, I would not give a farthing for you. You may there be acquainted with parson *Trulliber*, of pig-selling memory. I knew the man well.

well. He was a round, fat, short, squab fellow, that understood the nature of a pig as well as any man in Wales. He was educated at Jesus-College at Oxford, entered into holy orders there, and sold pigs and preached the gospel at Llanridwhyd, in Wales.

Our poet being thus turned cider-merchant, business flowed in apace. "Parson! bring me a mug of the right sort," cries one. "This is excellent stuff, i'faith," cries another. "I pray you now, Mr. John Jones, I pefeech you, and intrete you, now to tell me, look you, if you do not think this cider is better than Lewis Morgan ap Thomas's?" asked another. In short, they all agreed the parson's cider was excellent; and they swore, "By Cot, there faz not such another coot liquor in Wales, look you!"

Churchill in the mean time, pined in secret, at being obliged to descend so low as to sell cider. But what could he do? His pride prevented him from begging; and a generosity that knew no bounds opened his purse-strings whenever distress sued to him.

He had now more supplicants than before, and his doors were continually crowded with distressed wretches, entreating a meal's sustenance to satiate their hunger, or a drop of cider to allay their thirst.

He was a man, though resolute and bold as the most bold and resolute, yet cast in pity's softest mould. He has given his liquor and victuals to the hungry and thirsty, though he had none for a second meal for his own family; and the tear of sorrow hath started from his eye at the affliction of those whom his liberal hand was unable to relieve.

His money, in the mean time, wasted away; his creditors grew clamorous; and a gaol, the continual terror of indigent genius, threatened him.

In this exigency he was forsaken by every thing but his resolution and presence of mind. He consulted with his wife on the steps proper for him to take to retrieve his affairs; and she advised an application

his creditors, through the mediation of some friend. He approved of her counsel; put it in execution; but had the mortification to find they would come into no terms, but insisted on an immediate payment of their several demands.

In this dilemma he came to a resolution of quitting the country and returning to London. "Why should I," said he to his wife one day, "by continuing here brave the horrors of a gaol, and run the hazard of starving? It is true, I could easily support the utmost misfortunes my ill fortune could inflict on me; but the thought of what you must feel, quite unmans me, and melts me into tenderness. —However, my dear, don't be afflicted; it is a peculiar mark of a great mind to tower above adversity. Distress, indeed, of any kind, is the test of fortitude, and the touch-stone of wisdom. Throw off then that grief which now hangs on you, and let us prepare to return to our friends and acquaintance in London, who will be extremely glad to see us, and where our fate may have better things in store for us than we can reasonably expect here."

These and other expostulations tended to dry her tears, and restore her to her wonted serenity of mind. They afterwards prepared to settle their affairs with all the expedition consistent with personal safety; and having transacted them, set off for London; where they arrived, in seven days, to the great joy of all their friends.

C H A P. VI.

Our hero's expectations of rising in the church frustrated, and the cause thereof assigned—His father dies—Our hero succeeds him, as curate and lecturer of St. John's—He is deservedly esteemed by all his friends and acquaintance—Assumes the office of usher to Mrs. Dennis's boarding-school—A defect in the modern system of education pointed out—Our hero frequents the play-houses, and resolves on writing his Rosciad—His wife and he have frequent disputes, and wish for a separation—He publishes his Rosciad.

OUR poet was not a little delighted to visit his native country, after so long and tedious an absence, and to see his relations and friends, especially his brother John, who is now an apothecary and druggist, in Church-street, Westminster, and for whom our poet had ever a warmer affection than for any other of his brothers.

It afforded no small joy to our hero's father and mother to see so cordial an affection subsisting between their sons; and the old gentleman being extremely desirous of having Charles well settled, did his utmost endeavours to procure him some preferment in the church; but, for want of interest, was disappointed in his intention, to his very great regret.

Our poet was most sensibly mortified to find he was so neglected. Independent of the reason he had to expect some good living from his acknowledged merit and abilities, he had a still stronger expectation of it from the promises he had received from some pretended friends; who had weight and influence enough to have served him, had they been so inclinable.

The truth is, they found Mr. Churchill was possessed of abilities superior to most; that he was endued, in particular, with such a satirical vein, that they dreaded, should he be put into any good benefice, he

would lash the indolence and ignorance of many of the superior clergy, so roughly, that they would smart with the anguish, as to be incapable of returning the favour. On this account, they determined to keep him as low as possible; well knowing, that an irritated, independent wit is a most dangerous enemy for the unworthy part of the clergy to cope with.

Had merit and genius any claim to preferment, there is no doubt but our bard had been exalted to the highest. But since there were such ungenerous methods taken to prevent his rising in the church, it is no wonder that his highest preferment was, his succeeding his father as lecturer and curate of St. John's, on the death of the latter, which happened but a short time after our poet's return from Wales.

In this situation he continued for some time, doing his duty conscientiously and properly, and being regarded in the most amiable light by all those that had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

But even now his finances were but scanty, and he had been accustomed to live well. Rather than content himself with subsisting on his salary, which amounted to a bare hundred a year, and live an inactive kind of life, he chose to labour harder, and take more pains, to enable himself to live more genteelly.

The office he took on him was that of usher to Mrs. Dennis's boarding school, teaching the young ladies to write the English tongue grammatically, correctly, and elegantly; a branch of learning which, tho' generally neglected, is of more importance than the world in general imagine!

Is it not strange, that such vast pains are taken to fashion the bodies of the youth of either sex, to teach them all kind of ornamental accomplishments, and yet neglect the cultivation of their minds, and omit the useful qualifications, as things of no moment?

Very few young ladies, very few young gentlemen, are prevented from having the utmost pains taken with them, at great expence of time and money, to learn them

them to dance, to sing, to play on different instruments of music, and to understand French; all of which branches of education, though confessedly of use, they have no occasion to shew themselves mistresses and masters of, perhaps, ten times in a year; but to speak, read, and write their native tongue correctly and elegantly, which they have occasion to make use of every day of their lives, little pains are taken, little expence bestowed, to make them proficient in.— This important, though neglected branch of education, to Mrs. Dennis's honour be it spoken, is taught at her school.

It is no wonder that, in this situation in life, our poet gave great satisfaction. Master as he was of an elegance of composition, and thoroughly conversant in the diversities of style, he saw in a moment, when the various pieces the young ladies had written were shewn to him, their different excellencies, and their different errors. He pointed out both to them, made them sensible wherein consisted the beauty of the former; and taught them how to remedy the defects of the latter.

But a mind like our poet's was not to be bounded within the limits of a lectureship, or the pale of a school. The dull, tedious, insipid work, of continually repeating over the same form of words (though confessedly the most noble in the world, the most perfect the wit or ingenuity of man can put together!) or to undergo the continued drudgery of instructing youth, was not calculated for one

“ —Whose eye in a fine frenzy rolling,

“ Did roll from heaven to earth, from earth to
“ heaven;

“ And as imagination bodied forth,

“ The form of things unknown, his skilful pen

“ Turn'd them to shape, and gave to airy nothing

“ A local habitation and a name.”

SHAKES.

After being, therefore, at Mrs. Dennis's about seventeen months, he began to be tired, as well as ashamed of his servile employment: and, to recreate his mind, after being quite jaded with the fatigues of his ushership, he fauntered away to the play-house, where he knew his dulness would be chased away, and his melancholy expelled.

So discerning a person as our poet could not frequent the theatre long, before he was thoroughly acquainted with the merits and defects of the actors. He thought, that a work, pointing them out, would be of publick utility; as it would entertain the town, and induce the sons of the drama, who live on the publick favour, to strain every nerve, to exert all their abilities, to excel in their profession, and render themselves still more worthy of the countenance and encouragement of the publick.

This work he determined attempting. He had, indeed, hitherto, written but few pieces; and those were chiefly songs and epigrams; which were never published, and only handed about among his most particular and intimate friends. However, he doubted not, but he had abilities sufficient to do justice to his subject, he having, in one material respect, the advantage of most of the writers that had preceded him; which was, no sort of connection, or intimacy, with any player whatever; so that, being entirely unbiaſſed by personal friendship, or resentment, his muse might censure with candour, and praise without adulation.

Our poet, however, could not enter upon this work so soon as he willingly would, on account of some private distresses he laboured under. His income arising from his lectureship and ushership was but narrow, and his spirit was great. His living by far exceeded his revenues, which obliged him to contract debts he was incapable of discharging, and gave him no small uneasiness, his house being continually block-*ed up* by his creditors and surrounded by bailiffs.

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But this was not all the vexation he laboured under. About this time, some domestic disputes, still more afflicting, happened. Mrs. Churchill and he had frequent quarrels; and a separation was talked of, and desired by both as advantageous to both.

It is by no means incumbent on me, as a biographer, or a man, to enter into circumstances of this nature, and relate the progress of such an unhappy dissention. Private family affairs are unfit for the public eye. They are of too tender and too delicate a nature to be divulged. Suffice it, that our poet and his lady DID NOT AGREE. To say more, would be to injure one of the parties at the expence of the other.

His debts were, however, soon discharged, or his creditors satisfied, by the benevolence of Mr. Lloyd; and our hero then determined, he would retard his work no longer, but proceed on it instantly.

About the time of his forming this resolution, his late ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Lloyd, the son of the before-mentioned gentleman, published a poetical epistle, called, *The Actor*; which was addressed to Mr. Bonnel Thornton, and was looked on as a piece of infinite merit, and its author ranked among the most eminent writers of the age.

Fired by his friend's example, animated with a laudable emulation, our poet sat down and composed his *Rosciad*. A work which enters into a close and minute discussion of the various excellencies and faults of the several actors and actresses of both theatres; ascribing due praises to those who were eminent in their different walks (to use a theatrical phrase) and satirising those who, buoyed up on the bladders of self-conceit, imagined themselves great actors; when, to use a well-known, though somewhat coarse simile, they might be compared to pieces of horse-dung, which swimming down a river with some golden-pins, proudly cried out, "See how we *apple* swim!"

HAVING finished his piece, he published it, but without setting his name to it as its author. The town were divided in their sentiments concerning its writer, but allowed it vast merit. Unwilling to ascribe so much fame to one alone, it was said, it was the offspring of a combination of wits. The authors of the *Critical Review*, in particular, pronounced point-blank, it was written by Lloyd. They valued themselves, they said, on knowing any author by his style; and, however the common herd of critics might be imposed on by a false judgment, they affirmed it was impossible to deceive them, the skilful veterans of the age. Others declared it was the joint-production of Lloyd, Thornton, and Colman; and the reason they gave for their opinion was somewhat singular; because, they said, no one man was capable of producing so finished a piece.

These sagacious veteran critics, and others, were, however, shewn their error in judgment on the publication of the second edition, which came out with the name of its author. Our poet was now regarded as a first-rate genius, his acquaintance was cultivated by every man of taste, and his fame was every day more and more extended.

C H A P. VII.

Our hero gets acquainted with Mr. Garrick, who entertains a great regard for him—He publishes his apology, addressed to the Critical Reviewers—Those critics are at a loss how to demean themselves, and almost resolve to leave off business—Our hero throws off his gown, and gets rid of his wife—His letter to me on that occasion—He frequents public places, in search of food for satire—His conduct in that respect vindicated—In what respects the republic of authors are obliged to him—Some remarkable instances of the gratitude and wisdom of booksellers.

AMONG the many honourable friends and acquaintances our hero gained by the publication of his *Rosciad*, may be reckoned Mr. Garrick; who gave

gave him the freedom of his house, and entered into the strictest intimacy with him.

Shortly after the Critical Reviewers had thought proper to attack his piece, by giving a lame and injudicious account of it, and, according to their usual custom, selecting some of the worst lines they could find in it, and giving them as specimens of the work; our poet thought proper to publish his Apology, addressed to them; in which he severely lashes those pseudo-critics, those self-appointed censors, who have forced themselves into the chair of Aristarchus, with a view to direct the public taste, and who filch away the reputations of the good and great, with as little remorse as hardened highwaymen steal purses.

They were extremely nettled with the just satire they had drawn on themselves, and would have recanted, would have begged our poet's pardon, would have fallen down on their marrow-bones, and, like naughty school-boys, when convicted of a fault, would have promised never to do so again; but our poet despised them too much to heed their suppliant posture, or their pitiful promises. He was equally unconcerned at their insidious malice and their avowed repentance.

The town was extremely diverted at the poor devils expence. They had never been so thoroughly scourged before. They had brought an enemy on them they knew not how to get rid of; and such an enemy as neither their numbers could daunt, or their bribes corrupt.

These assassins of mens characters began now to fear. Conscious guilt halloo'd in their ears the infamy of their proceedings; their infamy in depreciating the works of the learned and ingenious; and injuring the property of the purchasers of those works. They would gladly have left off their assassination trade; but, alas! if they did, they must not eat; for every meal of victuals they procure, is purchased at the expence of the bleeding reputation of some man of worth.

Our hero's fame being greatly extended by these

productions, and his pockets filled, the first two editions of the *Rosciad* only bringing him in three hundred pounds, he came to a resolution of depending entirely on his muse for subsistence, and he made no doubt of meeting the public favour as long as he should continue to merit it.

But to do this, he considered his gown as an insuperable obstacle. While he wore it, he could not, with propriety, frequent many places; which, as an author, who must see life in all its variegated scenes, if he would paint them, it was absolutely necessary for him to do. All, therefore, for him to consider, was, whether he would be a lecturer and curate, with a bare hundred a year, or a lay-author, with a goodly prospect of gaining fifteen hundred.

He chose the latter. He threw aside his gown, and commenced layman; and, though he was blamed for it by some, and ridiculed by others, yet I cannot but think, for my own part, that he acted perfectly right; and I doubt not but the unprejudiced and intelligent will be of the same opinion, after they have perused the following letter he sent to me by the penny-post on that occasion.

“ To * * * * *

Dear * * * *

“ I have, in both respects acted as I told you I would, the last time I was at your house. I have

“ got rid of both my causes of complaint; the wife I was tired of, and the gown I was displeased with.

“ You have often heard me say, I had no sort of chance of enjoying any ecclesiastical preferment,

“ and that I heartily despised being a pitiful curate.

“ Why then should I breathe in wretchedness and a

“ rusty gown, when my muse can furnish me with felicity and a laced coat?

“ Besides, why should I play the hypocrite?—

“ Why should I seem contented with my lowly situa-

“ tion, when I am ambitious to aspire at, and wish for, a much higher?—Why should I be called to

“ an

Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL. 47

“ an account by a dull, phlegmatic Dean for wearing
 “ white thread stockings, when I desire to wear
 “ white silk ones and a sword?—In short, * * * * I
 “ have looked into myself, I have examined myself
 “ attentively, and I have found, I am better qualified
 “ to be a gentleman, than a poor curate. It has
 “ been, therefore, from principle, I have shook off
 “ the old rusty gown, the piss-burnt bob, and the
 “ brown beaver, which sat so uneasy on me. I find
 “ no pricks of conscience for what I have done, but
 “ am much easier in my mind. I feel myself in the
 “ situation of a man that has carried a d—d heavy
 “ load for a long way, and then sets it down.—So
 “ much for my wife and gown.

“ I shall be at the Shakespear to-morrow night,
 “ and shall be glad to see you there. And believe me
 “ to be, dear * * * *, what I really am, and always
 “ shall continue,

“ Your assured friend,

“ C. CHURCHILL.”

Our poet having thus thrown aside his gown, be-
 haved as any other gentleman, with familiar inclina-
 tions, would do. He frequented taverns and coffee-
 houses, places of public diversion, got acquainted
 with bucks and bloods, and people of all sorts of cha-
 racters; and, in order to see low as well as high life,
 did not disdain sometimes to go into obscure public-
 houses, the better to observe the different scenes
 which different places would afford.

These actions have been imputed as a disgrace to
 him; as reflecting on his moral character, and tend-
 ing to lessen him in the eyes of the public. With sub-
 mission, we are of a different opinion. We think he
 acted extremely right; and that an author, like him,
 who would render himself capable of exhibiting por-
 traits of the different stations of life, and humours of
 different men, could not do better than to be an eye-
 witness of those different stations and humours. An
 author who thinks to paint scenes he never saw, must
 mis-

make a very poor hand of it. His descriptions must resemble nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth: but an author possessed of tolerable abilities, if spectator of those scenes he describes, must, by far, excel one with the highest, who never saw those things he attempts to give his readers an idea of.

Thus much we thought proper to observe in justification of our poet; and we beg leave farther to observe, in justification of our own remark, and as a proof of its solidity, that, had not Mr. Churchill acted as he did, in frequenting so many public places, and seeing so many characters of different kinds, the world would not have such highly finished descriptions of persons and things from his pen, as it now can boast of.

He is also to be commended in other respects; in setting an example to writers to print their works correctly and elegantly, with a good type, and on good paper; to fix a gentleman's price on them, not a mere Grub-street author's; to receive the profits themselves, not suffer them to be pocketed by mercenary booksellers, who, if they give but five guineas copy-money for a work, and make five hundred of it, will not present the author with a single shilling more—Few Andrew Millars are to be found—and, lastly, by exhibiting a noble example to every bard and author, how they should behave to those who live by their labours, and without which they would be in as wretched a state as they would have them.

Suffer me here to relate five true stories; I could relate five score, but five are enough.

Paradise Lost, by John Milton, was sold for fifteen pounds. The bookseller gained five hundred by the publication. The author, being in distress, wanted to borrow of the bookseller five guineas. The bookseller's gratitude refused him.

Joseph Andrews was sold for three hundred guineas. It had a rapid sale. The bookseller, Mr. Andrew Millar,

Millar, cleared money by it; and sent Mr. Fielding, the author, unasked, a present of one hundred guineas.

The two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* * were offered to divers booksellers for fifty pounds, and they offered seven. The author printed the first edition on his own account, and cleared upwards of two hundred pounds by the sale. Mr. Doddsley then purchased the copy, and has gained much money by it.

Little Derrick, the great author, sold a novel for three guineas. The bookseller gained fifty pounds by the publication.—“Lend me a guinea,” said Derrick, “if you have any gratitude at all.” “I have it not,” answered the bookseller.

Churchill's *Rosciad* was offered to three different booksellers for twenty pounds. They all said the copy-money was too high, but they would give two guineas. He published it himself, and gained, by all the editions of it, seven hundred pounds.

So much for booksellers—And now let me ask any impartial author, whether, as an author, he is not obliged to our bard for setting him an example how he ought to act?—Return we now to our hero.

C H A P. VIII.

Our hero assists an intimate and a valued friend in distress—Advice to malicious, detraacting authors, not to rake up the sacred ashes of the dead—Mr. Churchill publishes his Night, addressed to his friend Lloyd—The ill tendency of that piece pointed out, and shewn to be the most exceptionable of his performances—He publishes his Ghost—Mr. Johnson shewn to be underserving our hero's lash.—The Prophecy of Famine published.

MR. CHURCHILL gaining money now a-pace, had it in his power to display the native temper of his mind; which was, an unrestrained benevolence, that was ever exerted in relieving the distressed.

His most intimate friend, and brother bard, was at this

* The eight volumes, price bound 5s. 5d. are lately published by H. Saunders in Castle-street.

this time arrested for some debts he was incapable of discharging, and thrown into the Fleet. Every one lamented the fate of so great a genius, and were sorry at his misfortunes; but no one, except Churchill, offered to give him any thing but——pity; a poor gift, and a scanty diet for a man to subsist on!

Our hero, who could not see his friend's distresses with apathy, visited him almost daily; and, with a generosity unparalleled in these days, gave Kearsly, the bookseller, orders to send him a guinea every week, and charge it to his account; which was accordingly done.

Is not this a striking proof of his goodness, his greatness of mind? Is not such a generous action sufficient to atone for many faults? Can an equal instance of humanity and true friendship be produced by any person, if the circumstances of the donor be compared with our bard's? Let then, ye snarling, envious poetasters, ye tiny witlings, ye mongrel authors, who feast on an inharmonious line with as much greediness as a hound will devour carrion, regardless of the nervous sentiment, and incapable of feeling the beauty of a friendly, a humane, a moral, a christian action: let then the sacred ashes of our poet rest in peace! With more than savage brutishness, call not up his errors from the grave! Cull not, with a villainous industry, some few foibles, which, as a man, he possessed; which, as a poet, his whirl of imagination might lead him into, to serve them up as a feast for knaves and villains! Imitate his virtues, and, if possible, acquire his abilities; but let his faults be buried with his dust! Let the green turf lie lightly on his breast; and tear not away, with sacrilegious hands, the laurelled wreath that binds his honoured brows!

The next work our poet published was *Night*, addressed to Mr. Robert Lloyd: a piece which, though written with great spirit, and replete with true poetry, is the most exceptionable of any of his performances; it being grounded upon false principles. The chief design

design of it seems to be, to prove, that, whatever follies we possess, we should not undertake to conceal them.

That this doctrine is essentially false, and is absolutely baneful to society, is evident, if we only consider, that example is ever more prevalent than precept. If the abandoned and the wicked were to take no pains to conceal their several crimes, especially were they in high stations, other people would think themselves justifiable in imitating them; perhaps, laudable; since the commonalty look on it as extremely praise-worthy to ape their betters, not only in fashions and follies, but vices; and the gentry seem to be of the same opinion, by their imitating, as near as possible, the nobility.

After the publication of this piece, he wrote his *Ghost*: a work of vast merit; in which he displays great knowledge of the world, real genius and sheer wit. The only fault I can find with this performance, is, his indulging a vein of satire rather too severe; particularly, his attacking some respectable characters with too much wanton cruelty.

Of these Mr. Johnson stands foremost. A gentleman of great reputation as a scholar, and a wit; a man with such a comprehensive mind, as to understand most subjects so thoroughly, as would lead one to suspect he had made the study of each the sole business of his life. This gentleman is there characterised under the name of Pomposo, and lashed with a severity he had by no means deserved of our poet. But indeed the edge of the satire is entirely taken off, when it is considered, that every one that reads the character, knows Mr. Johnson is the author of the *Rambler*: a work which has enlarged the circle of moral enquiry, and fixed more precise hand-marks to guide philosophy in her investigation of truth.

The *Prophecy of Famine* succeeded the *Ghost*. It had a rapid and a prodigious sale; was universally approved;

proved, except by those who felt the keenness of its scourge.

But why should I give an account of his poems he published, here? That I shall do, perhaps, at some future time; only I thought it necessary to say something of his first publications, in order the better to account for that degree of fame and popularity he experienced.

C H A P. IX.

Our poet forms connections with many patriots and men of rank—Reason for not giving an account of our bard's affair with a certain young lady—He takes her with him to Paris—He writes to me from thence—His letter on the remarkable contrast between the behaviour of the primitive and modern clergy.

NOTHING very material happened to our hero for some time, unless his intimate acquaintance with Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Lloyd*, Mr. Woty, &c. and forming many other connections with men as eminent for their love of their country and regard for genius, as for their rank and fortune, may be termed such.

An event, however, soon happened, that I wish I could pass over in silence. But as I have declared that in writing the life of this great poet, I will

“ ———Nothing extenuate,

“ Nor set down aught to malice;”

It may be expected I should relate the affair that happened between him and a certain young lady, (miss C—) with whom he went to France, and lived with for some time.—It may, I say, be expected from me; but when I declare to my readers that I know not the whole of that affair, I hope they will excuse me from publishing any part of it, as I know but of little, frivolous circumstances relating to it; especially, if they consider, that it is the business of a biographer, either to give a true and faithful narrative of transactions, or entirely to omit them.—Instead then, of soiling some
pages

* Mr. Robert Lloyd died in the Fleet Prison, on Saturday the 15th of December, 1764; grief at the death of his friend Churchill not a little hastening his own, as generally imagined.

pages with the relation of an affair I profess myself ignorant of, unless superficially, I shall act a much better part, by giving the reader a letter I received from Mr. Churchill at Paris, at that very time; and which cannot be deemed a digression, as every little piece our hero was the author of, may with the utmost propriety be published in a work that contains memoirs of of his life.

“ To * * * *

“ My dear * * * *!

“ I was quite overjoyed to receive your letter, and
 “ to find you are well. Many thanks for the commis-
 “ sion you have executed.—I doubt not but the books
 “ will come safe.—I am on another piece, which I
 “ doubt not will take as well as my Prophecy did, and
 “ will finish it as soon as I can.—The times I know
 “ are ticklish, and when * * * * *

“ * * But I don't despair. The native courage and
 “ good sense of Englishmen are known to every one;
 “ and when the former perceives how egregiously
 “ they are duped by a * * * * *

“ But why do you ask me to draw a parallel between
 “ the conduct of the antient and modern clergy? You
 “ mean a contrast, I suppose. I will, however,
 “ having a little leisure, give you a few broken hints.

“ The antient clergy lived very different from our
 “ modern, and acted very different. The time hath
 “ been, too, when rich benefices, and fat livings
 “ were bestowed on the pious and the learned.—Are
 “ they so now? No. They are not. They are fre-
 “ quently given to ignorance and impiety, and always
 “ to the person that has the most interest,—not the
 “ greatest worth.—I defy any one to assign a rational
 “ cause for so irrational a conduct.

“ Why a worthy and a learned man, who dischar-
 “ ges all the duties of his function with a conscientious
 “ exactness, whose life is a written comment on his
 “ doctrine, and who has a numerous family to pro-
 “ vide for, should be punished for his piety and
 “ learning.

“ learning, in being forced to live on a poor stipend, a journeyman taylor or a cobbler would scorn to accept, is, to the eye of impartial reason, amazing. But is it less so, to find a man, who preaches not three times a year, who never performs the duties of his function, whose life is mean and scandalous, and who has neither capacity nor integrity to act the man, or the divine, rewarded with thousands a year?

“ How did the primitive clergy live?—Did they order the earth, air and sea to be ransacked for their respective dainties? Were they, like our modern superior clergy, driven about lolling in superb vehicles, and drawn by fiery steeds, to places of diversion, and false gaiety? No; they were not; nor did they in any respect live as our modern black-gown’d gentry do.

“ Survey, for a moment, my dear * * * *, the infinite contrast between antient and modern religion.—The religion of *Jesus* was plain, simple, pure and holy. Its priests were of blameless life, of upright manners; clad in mean apparel; dignified with no titles, but servants of the Lord. Their food, was mean, and often scanty; their journeys, tedious and frequent; their accommodations, mean and wretched; their persons, exposed to perils; and their deaths, painful and ignominious.

“ But, good God! what a contrast!—Pomp and splendor are the characteristics of our church. Our priests are wanton, lascivious, and depraved. Their apparel superb and singular, calculated to catch the eye, and excite reverence. They proudly vaunt themselves ambassadors of the Almighty. They live on turtle and ortolans, and drink claret, and champagne, and burgundy. (I could not, while a clergyman drink claret, and champagne, and burgundy.) Their journeys are, I must confess, as frequent as those of the apostles, and primitive clergy; but they are to—the Playhouse, to Vauxhall, or Ranelagh.

“ Now,

“ Now, what remains? Why, after this superb scene is drawn; a scene embellished with every decoration that art can invent, with every magnificence luxury can suggest, their clay is enclosed in a high-wrought splendid receptacle, put in the solemn, sable herse, whose top is all over decorated with nodding plumes, and drawn by six noble steed, cloathed in Genoa velvet; and then, attended with multitudes of grand coaches, the pampered, high-fed clay, now the more sumptuous feast for worms, is conveyed to the church; and then, amidst the blaze of wax-tapers, and assembled spectators, is set down; and after a noble form of words is frittered away by some periwig-pated fop, is deposited in a sumptuous vault, and not suffered to mingle with meaner dust. A monument is afterwards erected of Parian marble, chiselled into elegance by the hands of a Rysbrack, or a Wilton; and, lest the dull, haughty prelate’s learning and humility should be forgot, the genius of some venal author is prostituted, to describe virtues he never possessed, and accomplishments he was an absolute stranger to.

“ How do you like my picture? Is it not a just one? Heavens! do you think I could with any conscience continue in a profession where such r***ly practices prevail? * * *

“ I am, dear * * * *, and ever shall continue,
“ Your assured friend, C. CHURCHILL.”

C H A P. X.

He returns to London—Is considered not only as a great poet, but an able politician—Sentiments of our poet respecting the state of affairs in 1763—He is threatened with terrible punishments, and promised great preferments if he will turn his coat—Modest proposal made to him by two agents—His opinion of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Guthrie—What success the agents met with from our bard—They are within an arm’s-ace of having their a—’s kicked—Depart in a greater hurry than they came.

MR. CHURCHILL continued at Paris about three months, and then returned to London.

On account of some political pieces he published, his fame was now in its meridian. He was regarded as a skilful politician, as well as a great poet. He was, indeed, looked on as one of the most formidable champions in the cause of Liberty and Britain, against domestic treachery, and scottified measures.

He thought the interest of his country was sacrificed at the shrine of perfidy; that great villains robbed the public with impunity; that vice prevailed, and impious men bore sway, while skill and integrity were driven from the helm of state, and discarded with disgrace.

He was not singular in these notions. Every honest, unplaced, unpenioned, independent Englishman thought the same. But more cautious, or rather, more timid, than our patriotic bard, they dared not whisper, in such perilous times, when prosecutions, and pillories, and fines, and general warrants, and imprisonments, and expensive journies, were become so frequent, and when brow-beating a—y—g—ls held the scourge of law over the heads of those who were bold enough to own themselves friends and lovers of their country; they did not, I say, dare to whisper those sentiments our poet openly avowed, and gloried in.

He was frequently threatened on account of his generous attachment to the cause of liberty. Several very menacing letters were sent to him in private, and frequent denunciations appeared against him in the public papers, with a view to shake his integrity, and blast his future fame, to bring him over to the other party, and to induce him to espouse, by his discourse and writings, those principles, and vindicate those measures, he had before abhorred, and pronounced baneful to his country, and prejudicial to its true interest.

But this was not all. Promises were also made, and assurances given, of high rewards and preferences, if he would join the m—y, cry up the glorious and honourable peace, and write against those faithful servants of the crown, who had served their country

country with skill and fidelity, and raised her reputation to the highest degree of splendor, from the lowest and most abject situation conceivable, when she had been insulted and p——d on by almost every state in Europe.

He was also to call, in his writings, an avaricious, cowardly, wealthy d——e*, who took a beating at a public horse-race, a generous, brave, and honest man——An ignorant and pusillanimous p—e-m-k-r†, a learned and upright minister——A cricket-player, debauchee, and informer‡, a very pious, chaste, and worthy gentleman.——In short he, was to nick-name every thing; to prostitute his conscience, and his pen; to depreciate and vilify his country and countrymen; and to lavish the most boundless panegyric upon Scotland and Scotsmen.

These shallow, second-sighted, scottified statesmen, could not have applied to a more improper person than our bard. He was equally unmoved at their threats and promises. He despised the men and measures too heartily to vindicate them; he loved his country and her patriots too sincerely to betray them.

Finding our poet proof against their artifices, or force; and that he stood like a rock against which the furious winds bellow, and waves beat in vain; two of the m——'s agents proposed to him, that, since he could not be brought to concur in, and espouse their cause openly, and by his writings, that, if he would only promise, on his honour, not to write against them, he should be paid three hundred a year for his silence.

To this proposal the bard gave this answer: "I am amazed you should think I would accept so infamous an offer. To be silent, when viewing treachery and villainy, and not to expose them, is to be a partaker; and pensioners Johnson and Guthrie are not less inf—s for consenting to drop their pens, than if they had wrote for the present adm——n."

Fain would the two agents have prevailed on the

D 2

poet

* The late wife and honest L——d L——t of L——d, the D— of R——d. † L——d L——t of L——d. ‡ L——d S——d-w——b.

poet to change his resolution; fain would they have persuaded him to have sapped the foundations of liberty, to have vindicated arbitrary and illegal measures, and to have proved a bastard son of his country. But they might as well have attempted to have torn up the rooted oak; to have called in question the wisdom and integrity of a Temple; to have shaken down the mighty battlements; or, like another Sampson, pull down the strong pillars of Gaza.

They laboured extremely hard to effect their purpose; which our poet considering as a direct implication and suspicion of his integrity, his anger rose to so high a pitch, that he swore, if they did not leave his house that moment, he would kick them out of doors.

Not chusing to give him this trouble, they decamped with precipitation, fearing our poet would be as good as his word; but not before he had assured them, that, if they ever dared to come to his house again on such errands, he would cut off their ears.

Our bard's behaviour on this occasion, has induced his enemies to represent him as a turbulent man. They may call him, indeed, a man of spirit and a man integrity; but sure I am, every true lover of his country, "with courage to have made his love known," would have acted as he did.

C H A P. XI.

Our poet's manner of life at his house on Acton-common — His quarrel with Hogarth truly stated — The painter's print occasions the poet's epistle — The effects the latter had on Hogarth — Our bard's dispute with Dryden Leach slightly touched on, and why.

OUR poet now lived very comfortably and very happily. He wanted not for money, nor for friends. He had taken a very genteel, well-built house on Acton-common, which he furnished extremely elegant; kept his post-chaise, saddle-horses, and his pointers; fished, fowled, hunted, coursed, and took all the diversions of the season he approved, at those hours he retired from study; and lived in an independent, easy manner, every man of genius ought to

to do, but which every man of genius cannot afford.

His writings in favour of that administration that brought glory and honour to Great-Britain, and strengthened its interest; among others, had given offence to Hogarth, the ingenious, and truly comic painter, whose works will immortalize his name; who, having a place at court, as serjeant-painter, espoused the cause of that administration that brought infamy and dishonour to Britain, and that MADE THE PEACE OF 1763.

The bard and painter having notice that each other would attend a late remarkable trial at Westminster-hall, came there with a view to exercise their different functions; the bard to satirise his antagonist for abusing Mr. Pitt, and other great statesmen; and the painter to catch a ridiculous likeness of the poet, so as to represent him in caricature.

They saw each other, and, after the trial was over, departed.

Presently comes out a print of a bear hugging a full pot of porter in his paws; underneath a pug-dog pissing on Mr. Churchill's works; with some other circumstances the reader need not be told.

It would puzzle the most penetrating person, had he the eyes of Lynceus, to see the wit of all this; but, let it should be lost, at the bottom is wrote, "The reverend Mr. Churchill, in the character of a "Russian bear."

Alas! Alas! It is but a too melancholy truth of the frailty of human nature, and a too visible proof of the decline of genius, that Hogarth, a painter, in his peculiar walk rivalled by none, superior to all, should, to indulge a personal resentment, publish a foolish, trifling, insignificant print, to prove—what?—why, that he hated Mr. Churchill, and that his own abilities were quite decayed.

Glad should I have been had our poet disdained taking notice of it; though the world would thereby have been deprived of a fine, nervous, manly piece of writing, that breathes a spirit of poetry and humanity equally honourable to the bard and to the man.

Hog

Hogarth was my friend and my companion. I honoured him, and loved him; and I could not, without the most poignant grief, behold the extreme indignation he testified in reading the former part of our poet's epistle, his Russian Bear had occasioned; and the compunction of soul he felt in reading the conclusion, where the generous bard pays him greater compliments, and lavishes higher encomiums on him as a painter, and with more justice, than the united compliments and encomiums that had been given him by all former authors and poets.

It has been said, the severity of our poet's satire, the justness of its remarks, and the warmth of his panegyric, broke the painter's heart. Though I cannot absolutely believe this, yet, I believe it contributed not a little towards it; especially if we consider, that, for some months after the publication of the print and epistle, poor Hogarth was lashed most unmercifully in all the public papers; his defenders were illiterate and without genius, rather betraying his cause than serving it, and as is too frequently the case, hurting him by their injudicious praises.

Our poet had also some disputes with Dryden Leach, his quondam printer; but, as that affair is so recent in every one's memory, and so generally known, I shall not give an account of it here. I must, however, beg leave to observe, that, however faultless our poet might be, in his quarrel with the painter, I can scarcely think he was entirely so in that with the printer; as Mr. Leach is a very honest, deserving man, and a very intelligent and good artist.

C H A P. XII.

Our poet's great regard for Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Lloyd—He sets out for France to see the former—Their meeting at Boulogne—Our poet is taken ill of a malignant fever—His letter to me on that occasion—He dies.

THE friendship of Pylades and Orestes was not greater, or more sincere, than the friendship of Churchill, Wilkes, and Lloyd. This triumvirate had a real esteem for each other; and would have gone to the

the utmost limits of the earth, or performed any arduous task, within their power, to have served their friend.

There are fewer friends on earth than kings, is an antient saying, and is a true one. Whenever, therefore, we meet with such a phoenix as faithful friends, we ought to look on them in the most amiable light, and regard them as we regard comets, or eclipses; especially, if those friends, like the three above named, are endued with great and extraordinary abilities, and possessed of an integrity of soul, and fortitude of mind, which adverse fortune cannot daunt, or the most prosperous circumstances enervate.

Our poet longed so exceedingly to see his friend Wilkes, who had been exiled his country by the rigorous hands of power, for writing—his sentiments, and who had taken refuge in France, that he set out in his post-chaise for Dover; from whence he crossed over to Calais, and immediately proceeded to Boulogne, where Mr. Wilkes was.

Their meeting was joyful and affectionate. They thought themselves extremely happy, after so long an absence, to enjoy each other's society; and they plumed themselves on the satisfaction they should receive in a reciprocal communication of sentiments and plans they had formed for their future conduct.

But, alas! how transitory are all sublunary things; how fleeting and uncertain!—The present moment only is ours; the next we are not assured of!—Like the baseless fabrick of a dream, we see our goodly prospects in life vanish away, when we awake to immortality from this bed of death.

Shall I pursue the subject? No. There is no occasion.—Shall I relate the sequel of poor Churchill's life?—Fain would I dispense with it!—Would it were not in my power!

In short, our bard, a few days after his arrival at Boulogne, was seized with a malignant fever, and was sensible his time was come.

To express the anguish of soul Wilkes felt, requ

a pen like his own to describe; or, rather, it is undescribable. He felt all the pangs and tortures human nature can feel, when robbed of all the soul of man holds dear.

Two days before his death, my friend, my companion, my loved Churchill, wrote me the following letter—Heavens! what were my emotions in reading it!—What did I not feel at that juncture!

“ To Mr. * * * * .

“ My dear * * * * !

“ THE curtain is almost drawn, and the farce is over—I hope, I trust, a better world will receive me.—My last told you the expectations I had, which are now turned to assurances.—May you live long and happy!—May all my friends live so too! and may all of you die the death of the righteous!—Oh! my poor, bleeding country! Even in death I must think of thee; distracted by intestine feuds, and Scotsmen preying on thy very vitals!—May Heaven preserve Old-England, and her true friend Pitt!—May the glorious band of patriots now assembled, rescue her from her chains; and may the *king's* eyes be opened!—Oh, * * * *, I know not what more to say, but that I have left every thing to * * * * . Till the last gasp will I breathe this prayer, Oh! God, shower down thy choicest favours on England and Englishmen, and infuse into them a spirit to defend their rights and liberties, their religion and property!—Farewell, and, in death, believe me to be,

Dear * * * *,

“ Your real friend, C. CHURCHILL.”

The second day after writing this letter, my friend expired.—He died calm and composed, sensible and resigned.—In his last moments, he recommended the publication of some papers interesting to his country's welfare.—In the agonies of death, he fought, he prayed *for, his country's good*—Then, with a serene smile on *his countenance, invoking the God of mercy for forgiveness, he resigned his soul into the hands of Him that* *re it!*



